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by John Stuart Duncan

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HINTS  
TO  
*THE BEARERS*  
OF  
WALKING-STICKS  
AND  
UMBRELLAS.

---

THIRD EDITION,  
WITH ELEVEN PLATES AND WOOD CUTS.



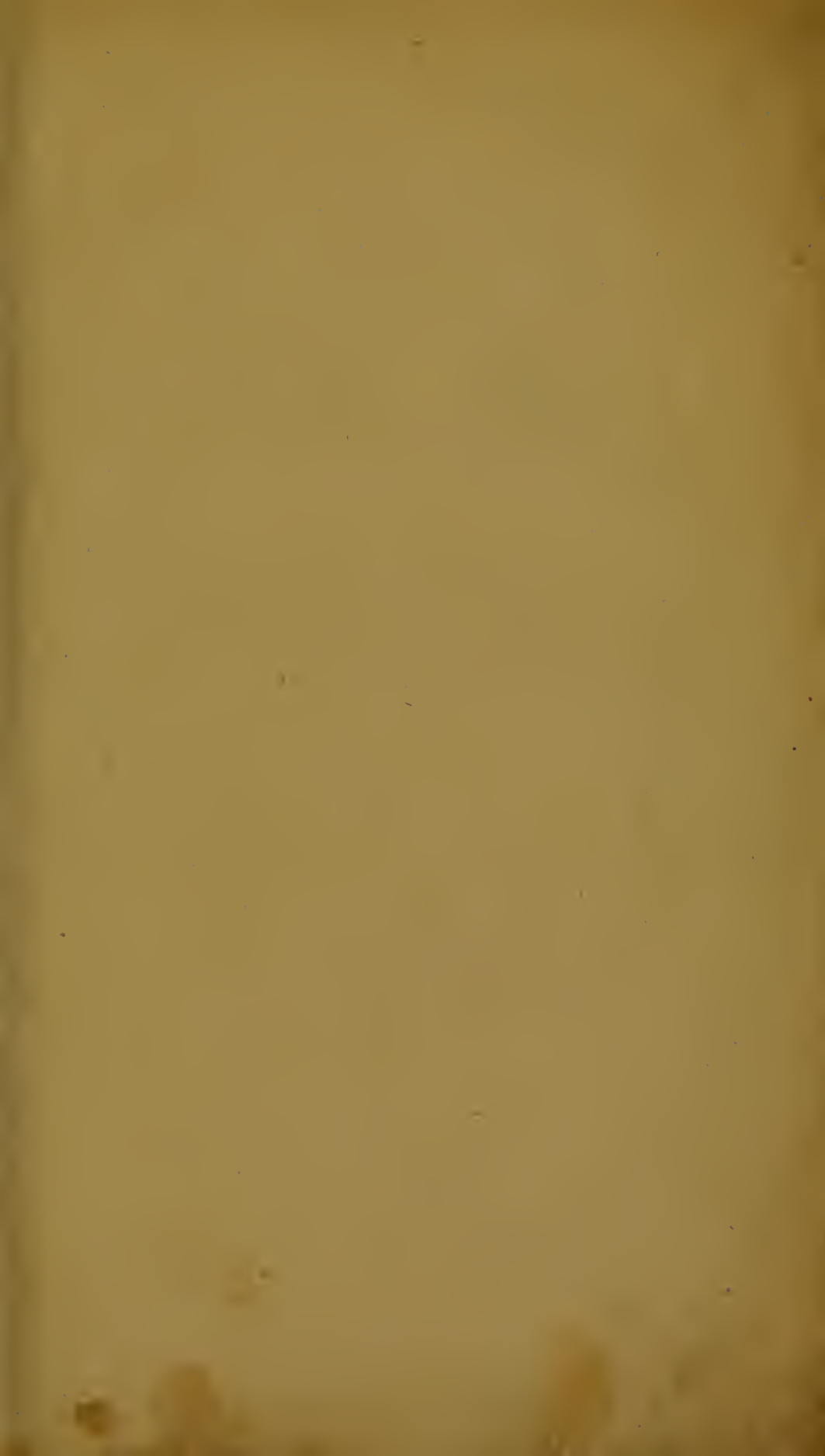
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JAMES'S-STREET, AND BROWNE & CROMBIE,  
EDINBURGH.

[Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.]













*In recto decus*

HINTS  
TO  
*THE BEARERS*  
OF  
WALKING-STICKS  
AND  
UMBRELLAS.

---

ILLUSTRATED BY SIX ENGRAVINGS.

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*THIRD EDITION,*  
CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

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1809.

Let beaux their canes with amber tipt produce,  
Be theirs for empty shew, but thine for use.

GRAY'S TRIVIA, b. i. l. 67.

Imprudent men heav'n's choicest gifts profane;  
Thus some beneath the arm support the cane;  
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,  
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.

IBID. l. 75.

The Parthian fell his javelin backward throws,  
And as he flies, infests pursuing foes.

IBID. b. ii. l. 295.

That walker, who, regardless of his pace,  
Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,  
From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,  
Shall strike his aking breast against a post.  
But if unwarily he chance to stray  
Where whirling TURNSTILES intercept the way,  
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,  
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

IBID. b. iii. l. 101.

# H I N T S,

&c.

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## CHAP. I.

*Of the Origin, Antiquity, and Use of Walking-Sticks and Umbrellas.*

SIMILAR wants have, in all ages and in all countries, given rise to similar inventions. The Walking-Stick is a contrivance probably coeval with human infirmity. It is the proper emblem of infirmity; originating, without doubt, from the first *fall* of man. For more than a century it has been in France and England a mark of mental, no less than of bodily, infirmity: the prop of the feeble in limb has been assumed as an ornament by the feeble in mind.\* It is very likely, that Adam, when weakened by accidental injury, by sickness, or by age, might have contrived the Walking-Stick. He observed, no doubt, that a slender staff, when pressed in a perpendicular direction, would sustain a weight, one thousandth part of which would break it, if applied transversely. If Adam (as some have supposed) was taught by angels in Paradise as much as it is per-

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\* It may be proper to remind some of my readers that the etymon of imbecillity is *in bacillum*, (on the walking-stick.)

mitted that man should know of all science and its application to art, and more than his descendants have since invented, he could probably demonstrate mathematically, that a strait stick was, for purposes of support, preferable to one that was crooked.\* The staff which supported the patriarch became a sceptre, when his descendants multiplied, and formed a clan. The Walking-Stick partook of the dignity of its possessor, and its form was varied to suit the hands by which it was borne.

The ancient riddle of the sphinx characterises age by the staff, or the third leg, on which the animal enigmatised is said to walk at eve. Thus, in the book of Exodus, an invalid is said to walk upon his staff (*Ex. xxi.*) “If a man smite another, and he die not, but keep his bed; if he rise again and walk abroad upon his staff, then shall he that smote him be quit, only he shall pay for the loss of his time, &c.” Virgil puts an appropriate support into the hand of the blind and sorely wounded Polypheme—

“*Trunca manum pinus regit, et vestigia firmat.*”

“A broken Pine supports and guides his steps.”

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\* Some satirical manufacturer of Walking-Sticks, for the hands of modern beaux, has twisted them into every possible variety of deformed deviation from the right line, to shew that Fashion has nothing to do with the line of utility, and little with that of beauty.



Juvenal characterises misery and beggary by the beggar's staff, *Sat.* 9—

“ Sit mihi tuta senectus—a tegete et baculo.” \*

“ — Safe be my age  
From the patch'd rug and from the staff ill grasped  
By poor decrepitude.”

The staff was the property of the traveller from the earliest days of wandering. Jacob (*Gen.* xxxii.) says, “ With my staff I have passed over this Jordan.”

These remarks serve to shew the antiquity of Walking-Sticks, and to evince that they were originally designed for *use*; for the support of the infirm and weary. It would fill a great volume to trace minutely the variations of the simple staff to the sceptre of the monarch, the spear of the warrior, the javelin of the hunter, the baton of the general, the crook of the shepherd, the thyrsus of the Bacchanal, the crozier of the bishop, the fasces of the consul, the wand of the magician, the bludgeon of the highwayman, the club of the constable, the stick of the courtier, and all the varieties of canes, switches, sword-sticks, tuck-sticks, clubs, crabs, thorns, bamboos, and supple-jacks of beaux and bucks, and ancient dames.

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\* Livy indeed puts the same stick into the hands of a monarch. He says,—“ Tarquinius summa papaverum capita dicitur baculo decussisse.

Modern science and ingenuity has given to the Walking-Stick a singular character of utility, by converting it into an electrical tinder-box. By an operation similar to that of drawing a sword half way out of its scabbard, then suddenly thrusting it into its place, a spark is excited, which inflames a sort of tinder contained in the head of the stick. Different pieces, when unscrewed, supply a taper and matches. Lest any one should endeavour to deprive the inventor of the praise of originality, by bringing Mr. Dutens to shew that the soldiers of Tullus Hostilius had spears of similar contrivance, I venture to state, as the result of some conversation with the professed inventor, that he never heard of the ancient King or the modern Tutor.

Most readers, and some observers, may remember that, not above half a century ago, Physicians were characterised by large gold or ivory-headed canes, carried perpendicularly in front of the body, with the head pressed close under the nose. The departing Doctors are described, in the New Bath Guide, as—

“Brushing off, each his cane at his nose.”

I do not remember to have heard that any thing more was proposed by the Doctors than to assume an air of gravity and meditation, supposed to be suggested by such a position of the



cane. A cane, so carried, was obviously removed from all likelihood of incommoding others; and certainly shewed so far the good sense of the bearer. But an idea just occurs, which I set down, in the hope that this discarded position of the Walking-Stick may be restored to public favor.—It would be an easy thing to fix a bottle of pungent salts, or aromatic vinegar, in the head of a cane. A stick, divided by firm screws into several parts, might indeed contain an assortment of perfumes. Such a contrivance would have the merit, if Reason had any merit in the eyes of Fashion, of furnishing a plausible excuse for the introduction of Walking-Sticks into assemblies and ball-rooms. And such “precious balms,” employed to “break the head” of a coxcomb, might be of great benefit to a crowded company, whether the head or the cane should be cracked by the concussion.

I might indulge in much profound, but possibly tedious, conjecture, in ascertaining the exact stick which is signified by the *Βακίληξ*, *Βακίληδιον*, or *Ραβδος* of the Greeks; the *fustis*, *virga*, *baculus*, *scipio*, &c. of the Romans: but leaving this curious disquisition to authors of more learning and leisure, I hasten to the consideration of modern Walking-Sticks, worn or borne more commonly for the sake of ornament than of use.

Of Umbrellas I must observe, that Chinese history places the invention of these elegant machines many thousand years anterior to the Mosaic date of the world's creation. Their antiquity among the Hindoos is more satisfactorily proved by the following passage from the dramatic poem of *Sacountala*: "The cares of supporting the nation harass the sovereign, while he is cheered with a view of the people's welfare; as a huge Umbrella, of which a man bears the staff in his own hand, fatigues while it shades him. The sovereign, like a branching tree, bears on his head the scorching sunbeams, while his broad shade allays the fever of those who seek shelter under him."

Some profound investigators have supposed, that large leaves tied to the branching extremities of a bough suggested the first idea of the invention. Be this as it may, its use was not unknown to the ancient Greeks, but it was probably confined to females. We find in Pausanias,—

Ἐραπαινὰ δὲ αὐτὴ προέστηκε σκιαδίων φερύα.

A maid stood before her bearing an umbrella.

It was called *Θολία*, from *Θολός*, *Tholos*, an arched roof or cupola. Eustathius calls it *Anthelion* and *Paropion*. It is variously represented on Etruscan vases.—See *Mus. Etrusc. Plates* 43, v. 3. and 69. v. 4.

It was probably a post of honour among maid

servants to bear the Umbrella. Ovid, in his Art of Love, advises a lover to undertake the office :—

“ Ipse tene distenta suis umbracula virgis.”

“ Sustain the stretch’d umbrella o’er her head.”

Claudian speaks of its golden decorations :—

“ Ne defensura calorem

Aurea summoveant rapidos umbracula soles.

*De 4. Cons. Honor.*

“ Let not the gilt umbrella shade your face  
Effeminate.”

Montaigne observes, *lib. iii. c. 9.*—

“ Les ombrelles, dequoy depuis les anciens Romains  
l’Italie se sert, chargent plus les bras qu’ils ne deschar-  
gent la teste.”

The reference to Italy seems to shew that they were not at that time used in France.

Juvenal notices the green colour, *Sat. 9.*—

“ En cui tu viridem umbellam cui succina mittas.”

“ — See to whom you send

The green umbrella and the amber toy.”

Martial, xi. 74.—

“ Umbellam lusæ, Lygde, feras dominæ.”

“ Be ever doom’d, thou miserable fellow,  
To bear thy purblind mistress’s umbrella.”

Again, xiv. 28.—

“ Accipe quæ nimios vincent umbracula soles,  
Sit licet et ventus te tua vela tegent.”

“ Accept my umbrella, beneath it you’ll find  
A shield from the sun, and a fence from the wind.”

It does not appear to have been used as a defence from rain; and it was considered in the hands of a man as a mark of disgraceful effeminacy.

About fifty years ago, it was a rarity in England, confined to the rich and to the metropolis, unknown to country towns and villages. It is recorded in the life of that truly venerable philanthropist, Jonas Hanway, the friend of chimney-sweepers and the foe of tea, that he first ventured to brave public reproach and ridicule, ever levelled against innovation with a rancour nearly in a direct ratio of its public utility, by carrying an Umbrella in the street.\* It is within these twenty years become so common, that no servant runs on a message without one. It is united to the Walking-Stick, contracted for the pocket, and screwed to the

\* Before his time, it appears to have been borne only by females:—

“ Good housewives,  
 Defended by th’ umbrella’s oily shed,  
 Safe thro’ the wet on clinking pattens tread.  
 Let Persian dames th’ umbrella’s ribs display,  
 To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;  
 Or sweating slaves support the shady load,  
 When eastern monarchs shew their state abroad;  
 Britain *in winter only* knows its aid,  
 To guard from chilly show’rs the walking maid.”

GRAY’S TRIVIA, 211.

saddle. The English name is borrowed from the Italian *Ombrella*. The Latin term *umbella* is applied by botanists to those blossoms which are clustered at the extremities of several spokes, radiating from the common stem like the metallic props of the Umbrella. The French have invented distinct names for that used to ward off the rays of the sun, and that used against rain, viz. *Parasol* and *Parapluie*.

Much mechanical learning might be displayed in explaining the principles on which this elegant machine is constructed, and on the late patent improvements; and many useful hints might be given relative to the choice of the pole, the cover, or the spokes; but as my principal object is to treat of the best mode of carrying it in walking through the streets, I shall be content to refer the curious reader to the shop of the ingenious manufacturer.





## CHAP. II.

*Various modes of miscarrying Walking-Sticks and Umbrellas, to the general annoyance of all passengers in the streets.*

NOT few are the inventions which plain utility recommended in their origin, but which, in process of time, the power of fashion has debased into useless decoration. The shield that protected the hardy limbs of the ancient hero, now decorates the coach-door of his effeminate descendants. The Walking-stick, designed, as I have shewn above, for the support of the weary and infirm, is now borne in the hand by millions, who pretend not to consider it as an article of use, but as a mere ornament. It is still employed by many, I must own, for the very purposes to which it was originally destined, but to those the following remarks will rarely be found to apply.

Every one, who has ever walked through the crowded street of any town, must have met with considerable obstruction and annoyance from the awkward manner in which the greater part of mankind carry both Walking-Sticks and Umbrellas. The pavement is a free common, of which all have a right to partake,

but it is not without stint ; and if one, by his inattention to the convenience of others, unnecessarily occupies the space of four or six, he is justly to be regarded as a common nuisance, which every one has a right to abate, committing as little violation of the King's peace as possible. The selfish and stupid indifference to the feelings of others, displayed by men of all ranks, from the loungeur of noble blood to the common brandisher of a cart whip, in this particular, must continually strike the observation of every one who finds leisure to reflect in the street upon the passing multitude. One man, a gentleman, not wilfully rude, not malicious, but without reflection, dips his cane into the mud, and then wipes the dirty ferule on the clean dress of the next woman who passes. Another twirls his stick in the air, though sure to strike some one near him, or to jerk the dirt over the backs and faces of passengers before and behind. A third fixes his cane or umbrella under his arm : if he move strait forward, the ferule behind impales the eye of one who follows with a brisker step ; or if it should slope downward, stabs his breast, and soils his dress. If the bearer of the stick so placed turn himself sideways in the street, he becomes a sort of turnstile ; his stick extends over the whole pavement, the near-sighted are struck in the

neck or face, and all are obliged to move it, or remonstrate. The more common inconvenience to passengers in a hurry arises from the oblique direction in which the generality place their sticks upon the ground, engrossing thereby an undue portion of the pavement, and infallibly tripping up those who do not narrowly look to their steps. I shall endeavour to display, in a series of distinct propositions, the quantum of encroachment on the public right of way, and consequent injury to passengers in general, from some of the principal instances of stick nuisances, and occasionally suggest such methods of handling both Walking-Sticks and Umbrellas, as seem most consonant to graceful attitude, most convenient to the ease of the walker, and least likely to incommode the public.

*Axiom 1.*—A man walking moderately quick in the street incommodes others less than one who walks slow. It may be supposed that, at every instant, some other wants to occupy the space he fills; the sooner he quits it, therefore, the better: provided that his motion be not so quick as to alarm those before with fear of his running against them and to cause a heedless splashing of puddles.—*Corollary.* A very slow walker, *i. e.* one whose pace is much slower than that of ordinary passengers,

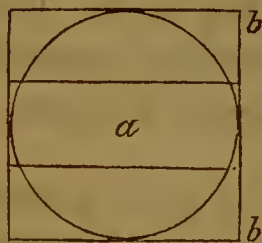


is an impediment: one who stands still is a nuisance in a crowded street.

*Axiom 2.*—A man bearing a stick, occupies more space than a man without one. It is usually held somewhat loosely from the body, and therefore, even when borne in the best manner, expands the bearer's dimensions.

*Axiom 3.*—A stick affords secure support only when held perpendicularly. If it incline outwards, it is liable to slip on the pavement. A small inward inclination of the point is graceful when the bearer is standing.

*Prop. 1.*—A man who frequently turns round, takes up in turning more than twice the space which he required when continuing in one direction. Let the square  $ab$  be divided into three equal parts; let  $a$  be the space occupied by the man in walking; at every turn his elbows describe the circle within the square.—



The spaces  $bb$  are equal to  $a$ , but the portions of the circle above and below  $a$  are more than half of  $bb$ ; therefore, in describing the circle, the turner takes up more than twice the space of  $a$ . Q. E. D.

*Prop. 2.*—A man leaning on a perpendicular stick, takes up more space by one half than he would fill when standing without one. A man clasping his hands over his breast, will of course extend from elbow to elbow twice the length of his ulna or arm from elbow to wrist, and the thickness of his hands beside. If one hand be now extended from the body in an opposite direction, the elbow remaining fixed, the spreading of the man will be increased one half. The line  $ab$  is one half longer than  $cb$ .—N.B. This extension may be generally allowed on the plea of casual debility. Twice this additional space belongs justly to one who uses two crutches or two sticks. But ordinary walkers do not lean on their sticks, but extend them in various directions, encroaching grossly on other people's rights of space.



I shall proceed to enumerate some of the principal encroachers on the public right of way.—1. The Fencer.—2. The Twirler.—3. The Arguer.—4. The Trailer.—5. The Parthian.—6. The Unicorn.—7. The Turnstile. Umbrella bearers may be distinguished by the characteristic names, Shield-Bearers, Sky-

A. P. 1860

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A. P. 1860





Strikers, Mud-Scoopers, Inverters, and Self-tormentors.

1.—The Fencer is commonly a boy just presented with a gaily-varnished cane or stick, by some kind aunt or godmother, or grand-mamma, or bearing the first purchase with their present in money. He has perhaps seen fencers on the stage. The shining ferule reminds him of a sword, and he pokes it with an awkward flourish between the legs, against the breasts or faces of all he meets. It is soon broken by some petulant passenger, or between the spokes of a coach-wheel or the rails of an area.

Those who visit the shop of Spicer, the great druggist in Bond-street, will see a beautiful boy, about fourteen years of age, employed to heat the spatula, wipe the mortar, or rince the phials, who, about two years ago, was introduced into all fashionable parties as the destined heir to her immense wealth by his reputed great aunt, the Countess of ——. He was said to be the orphan of a nephew who died abroad. Be that as it may; he appeared under her care at a very early age, was fondled and indulged in a degree which some censured as imprudent; but he was attended by numerous fashionable teachers of French, music, dancing, and fencing, in all of which he attained, in his twelfth



year, to considerable proficiency. One unhappy day his affectionate benefactress took him to Kensington Gardens. An ill-omened stick-seller tempted him with a finely-varnished cane. He was delighted to possess it, and to display the various attitudes, passes, and parries of the newly-acquired art of defence. While in the very act of paying his shilling for the stick, he made a furious lunge in carte, not perceiving that the aged Countess had just stepped up to see his purchase. The brazen ferule entered her mouth, dashed from her gums her two fondly-cherished only-remaining teeth. A lap-dog, loved as the apple of her eye (*et si quid carius*), fell from her arms to the ground, and perished from the fall. If the loss of the teeth could have been forgiven, the death of Flora was unpardonable. She sent him to the parish workhouse, declaring that he was nowise related to her, but had been found by her servants in a basket at her door. This circumstance the evidence of the servants confirmed. A subscription was raised amongst the families who had seen him in his days of favour, sufficient to bind him apprentice to his present master.

2.—The Twirler is usually some gay youth, just allowed to walk in the streets without an attendant, in his first vacation from college. Ambitious to exhibit an easy *non-chalance*, he







whirls his cane in the air by means of a ribbon or leather passed through a hole in the head. He thus dashes off the hat or bonnet of one, throws dirt over another:—a broil is excited—the youth is resolute—he receives a drubbing, and talks of a challenge. Men-milliners, linen-draper's apprentices, and bankers' and attornies' clerks, are commonly Twirlers. For a charming description of the effects of twirling, see the story of the Little Notary, in Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

3.—The Arguer endeavours to supply, by the head of his cane, some deficiency in his own. I do not allude to that species of baculine argument, in the course of which the disputant knocks down his opponent, but to that milder sort, in which the head of the stick, held in the right hand, is pressed into the palm of the left with force proportionate to the supposed cogency of the position. In this case, the lower end of the cane is thrown out sideways, to the great impediment of passers.—More vehement orators occasionally brandish the cane like a truncheon, or scroll of the leader of a band, smashing thereby a projecting shop window, together with the exhibited specimens of Sevres or Shropshire china.

I have long hesitated, *infandum renovare dolorem*, and to shock the feelings of my reader, by mentioning the tragical fate of my poor

friend Silas Mum, and his lovely infant ; but the hope of exhibiting a salutary warning to street disputants prevails. My friend felt that sort of antipathy to controversy which some experience towards a spider, a snake, or a cat. It seemed to be a forewarning of his doom. He never advanced a proposition which was not self-evident ; and never expressed dissent from one advanced by another, though the terms should involve a contradiction. Upon the commencement of an argument, he would stop his ears with his fingers, and fly from the spot. He was blest with a wife as tranquil as himself, and had a sweet infant, which, at the age of ten months, had never uttered a cry. He was walking in the street with his wife. She, indeed, according to her usual custom, followed close behind him. The whole pavement was engrossed by two contentious politicians. It was impossible to pass on the outside, for the gutters were filled with wet mud. My poor friend stopped his ears, and, bending very low, attempted to creep under the extended arms of the disputants. At that moment, a half-pay colonel levelled a knock-down blow at Buonaparte. The head of his cane was lead, covered with catgut. It struck the temple of the unhappy Mum, and stretched him lifeless on the pavement. The colonel's antagonist a respectable civilian, long retired from practice, astonished at the extravagance of the colonel's

last assertion, jerked backwards his walking-stick in the same horizontal direction in which it had been held during a pretty long sorites; and, in one and the same instant, the head of one stick gave a death blow to the father, and the ferule of the other entered the open mouth, and passing the uvula, produced the immediate suffocation of the child. Of the feelings of Mrs. Mum I shall say nothing; as, before the expiration of the twelvemonth, she was married to the colonel.

4.—The Trailer indolently drags his stick after him. Most loungers, men whose thoughts are never engaged in any thing, and men whose minds are fully occupied, are equally liable to err in this way. The stick extends nearly a yard behind them. When they cross a street, the wheel of a carriage frequently passes over the trailed stick, and breaks it. This is a fortunate accident, but it is no compensation to the many passengers who, in their haste, have been tripped up by it, and thrown into the mud.

I am seriously assured by the disconsolate friends of a young gentleman, afflicted with an incurable habit of trailing, that his walking-stick has cost him more, in payment for broken glass and crockery, damaged pastry, and real or pretended bruises and broken limbs of those whom he has tripped up in the street, than would have sufficed to purchase a handsome

chariot, and pay all expence of its establishment.

5.—The Parthian, as every body knows, while his horse galloped, shot his arrows with dexterous aim behind him. Thus many fix the head of their cane or umbrella close under the arm, preserving it firm in a horizontal position, or somewhat inclining upwards: hence an inadvertent or dim-sighted follower receives the dirty end in his mouth, or stabs his eye against the pointed ferule, which like a reverted spear, wounds those who follow, instead of those who meet its bearer.

In . . . . Reports, Michaelmas term, A.D. . . . . an action on the case appears to have been brought by Caleb Cyclops, a street fiddler, against Peter Parthy, for injury done to the said C. C. by the end of the cane of the said P. P. whereby the said C. C. lost an eye, *per quod* he was put to great expence, was damnified by loss of time, and of the profits of his occupation. The declaration, in this case, contained several counts; some stating the loss to be of the right eye, some of the left, and one alledging the loss of two other eyes. On plea of not guilty, in manner and form, &c. the defence was, that C. C. was well known to have been blind many years before the day on which the injury was stated to have happened; was known in the streets by the name of Cab. Sightless,





Unconscious. 3 St Paulian putting out the eye of  
a blind man.



alias Cyclops, alias Blinking Joey; was led by a brindled cur; had a fiddle with only two strings; chaunted a ditty with only two notes, of which the only audible words were "Have pity on the poor and blind." Several bystanders, who were present and saw the encounter of the Fiddler's face with Mr. Parthy's cane, declared that the end of the cane entered the mouth, and not the eye of the Fiddler: this, however, was positively contradicted by others, and all agreed that the poor man's face was covered with blood. The King of the Beggars was now produced in court on the part of the plaintiff. He stated that he was president of a friendly association, consisting of several thousand members. That he was duly elected at a general meeting. That his qualifications were the loss of two legs and a nose, and his success in training a pigeon to fly from his head to the open window of a house or a coach with a petition lightly tied to its neck, to receive money in its beak, and fly immediately back to its station on his head. That the members of the association were either beggars in eyre, *i. e.* wanderers, or stationary: that stationary beggars were limited to certain districts, or parts of large towns, for determinate periods of time. That they considered themselves as performers of monodrames for the gratification of the public, particularly of those who hoped to compound

for petty sins by the gratuitous distribution of base copper. That the plaintiff was not indeed blind either before or subsequent to the time when, &c. That the district assigned to him was the most profitable of any in London, extending from Temple-bar to St. James's, including the Hay-market. That he obtained more money than any one of the fraternity, by the exertion of certain muscles of the eye, which, by long practice, had acquired the power of so changing the position of that organ, as wholly to conceal the pupil in the upper part of the socket. That Mr. Parthy's cane had, in fact, *put out* his eyes from the position by which he acquired his living, and had deprived him of the use of them in that profitable district; as he C. C. had, in the unguarded moment of pain, brought his eyes to their natural position, in order to identify the person by whom he believed himself to be attacked. The counsel for the plaintiff insisted that this was in law and in fact a putting out of plaintiff's eyes, and a deprivation of the use of them; and that he was entitled to a verdict upon the third count, which set forth that defendant's cane or stick, &c. was so placed as to endanger the eyes, noses, cheeks, mouths, &c. of his majesty's subjects, being in and using the public highway, street, &c.; and that the face, to wit, eyes, nose, and mouth of plaintiff were much injured



by the said stick, &c. placed as aforesaid; and that plaintiff's eyes were thereby put out; and that he then and there lost the use of them.—It was contended, on behalf of defendant, that this was not a legal putting out of eyes to entitle plaintiff to a verdict. Whereupon the jury returned a special verdict in favour of plaintiff, with forty shillings damages, subject to decision of the court upon argument—Whether this should be intended a legal putting out and deprivation of the use of plaintiff's eyes? And, after solemn argument in the term above-mentioned, it was decided to be a putting out and deprivation of use within the meaning of the terms in the declaration.

6.—The Unicorn is the converse of the Parthian. His formidable horn projects, and forces a passage through the crowd for the resolute charger. The stick grasped by the head, with the end advanced in the manner of a spear or bayonet, characterises the bullying buck, and many varieties of vulgar swaggerers. There is, moreover, a species of Unicorn, destitute of ferocity in appearance, but not less incommoding to passengers; he may be called the Unicorn *au corne baissé*, as he drives the point of his cane like a plough before him on the pavement. This is an awkwardness of men who are subject to abstraction or absence of mind, or who wish to assume an air of reverie.

A gentleman, wishing to make a payment of £500 at an office in the Royal Exchange, obtained a note for that sum at his bankers in Lombard-street. Whilst the clerk was writing it, he observed a man near him who exhibited an alarming curiosity ; he therefore prudently resolved to carry the note in his closed hand. Scarcely had he penetrated into the abyss of Sweeting's-alley, grasping his treasure and ruminating on the state of the stocks, **when** he found himself struck sharply on the **tendon** Achillis, and prostrated in a gutter. **Convinced** that he had been followed by the suspected person, he held his hand high in the air, vociferating to the crowd—" By G— you shan't have it !" Once more on his legs, he was entering the Exchange, when a little man approached with the most submissive air, and deprecated his wrath : " Forgive me, Sir, but, as I followed you, and was opening my umbrella, to be sure rather too near the ground, I struck your legs, and caused your overthrow. I acknowledge my awkwardness, and sincerely hope it has not produced any serious injury.

The Post-whipper is a species of Unicorn, exceedingly frisky in his habits. His cane, whenever any friend accosts him, is instantly agitated to and fro' like the tail of a pleased spaniel. If booted, he bestows an occasional flagellation on the calves of his legs ; but he





*A Sly Trick A Shield Bearer A Furnished*

delights, during conversation, to cause a rattling of the ferule between iron railings, and particularly to belabour the top of an adjoining post. This unhappy propensity nearly brought the gay Billy Rattle to an untimely end. The posts near St. James's had been newly painted of a drab colour. The Duke of . . . . . well known from his hump-back, his diminutive form scarcely exceeding four feet in height, and his habit of standing still at the corners of streets, by the whole hour, staring at the passing carriages, just at that time wore a drab-coloured slouched hat, with a drab-coloured surtout. Billy was chatting with a cornet of the guards, and mistaking his Grace for a new-painted post, discharged on his head and shoulders a shower of energetic raps. The 'hot Duke' was all on fire—What an apology for a beating!—That he was mistaken for a post! A duel ensued—Billy received a wound in the side. He discharged his own pistol in the air, having too strong a sense of his folly to return the fire. The wound did not prove dangerous; but the sufferer is no longer a Post-whipper.

7.—The Turnstile, instead of fixing his cane or umbrella, like the Parthian, so that it may extend its whole length behind, or advancing it wholly before like the Unicorn, places it under his arm in such manner that it may extend equally both behind and before. Now, though



it does not extend nearly so far in either direction as in each of the former instances, it produces the united inconveniences of both. In fact, a man so circumstanced engrosses the rightful portion of three men at the least on the pavement; and when he turns round, his stick describes a circle of space which might be fairly occupied by five. — See the

diagram. An absent man of the turnstile species was walking through a street, when two men with coal-sacks on their shoulders endeavoured



to pass on either side; the elbows of the coal-heavers struck against the extremities of his umbrella: the force of their advance rolled him into the gutter; the shock overthrew the coal-sacks from the heads of the bearers; the unfortunate Turnstile wallowed in the mud, was sorely bruised, and nearly buried and stifled under six bushels of small coal.

Common sense, and a small degree of sympathy with general distress, point out an easy method of avoiding all the above disorders, viz. that the Cane or closed Umbrella should be borne as close to the body, as near to the front as possible, and constantly in a perpendicular position. I take leave to suggest to young gentlemen in general, that nothing is truly graceful which is manifestly in direct opposition to utility.



A word or two on expanded Umbrellas. The Shield-bearer drives his Umbrella before him, covering completely his head and body. He can see no one in front, and he occupies the whole pavement: he either runs against every one before him, or compels them to step into the gutter. If, however, he should meet with a Unicorn, the Cane of the latter pierces, and rends the silk or varnished cover of the Umbrella. Thus rival follies and contending vices mutually annoy each other to the furtherance of justice, and to the advantage of the community. Every reader of the Morning Post and Morning Chronicle is of course acquainted with the dislocation of Lady Jasey's tete by Dr. Shieldrake's umbrella. Her Ladyship's connections with the ministry, and the Doctor's with some leading men of the opposition, having involved the affair in all the fury of political party, I shall abstain from offering an opinion on so delicate a subject, especially as it is likely to be farther agitated in Westminster Hall. When two passengers meet, and wish to pass, with spread Umbrellas, each should incline his pole in the angle  $45^\circ$  to his proper side; thus neither will be incommoded: see Diagram. When two meet a third, the centre should elevate, and the outside slope Umbrellas. The generality are sky-strikers or mud-scoopers. Every passer either jerks up his Um-



rella to the sky, whereby the shorter endangers with the points of his whalebone the eyes of the taller, or dashes it to the ground so as to impede all passage: the latter case is the last degree of awkwardness, and chiefly occurs amongst the most vulgar servant maids and young children. These are called Mud-scoopers, from plunging the edges of their instrument by such means into the dirt.

Inverters are those careless beings who present the inside of the Umbrella to the wind, whereby the cover is turned inside out, and commonly much lacerated, while they impede the progress of many a time-pressed citizen, during their awkward attempts to re-arrange it.

The venerable Patroness of Barebones Chapel, Mutton-lane, whose splendid coach forms so singular a contrast with the humble porch of that resort of devout scavengers, chimney-sweepers, barrow and basket women, is not unwilling that the world should know that she was about fifteen years ago, "the open, free, and unconfined" "Corinna, pride of Drury-lane." Proud of penitence and inward light, and of a miraculous call to schismatical holiness, she lately declared to her audience the blessed circumstance that drew her from sin to sanctity, from Drury to Mutton Lane. "I was gaily bounding through the street, having no heed to my steps, as young females so circumstanced are wont to wander, seeking indeed whom I might

Parade 5 May 1892 at Mud-Scooper





devour. The wind was high. The petticoats of old Mrs. Quiteright, the pawnbroker's widow, were blown over her head, and she had great difficulty in retaining her Umbrella, which was at length inverted. Though I was only sheltered by my parasole, if shelter it could be called,"—(here followed a pious digression on the folly and wickedness of carrying parasoles when no sun shines: she called them the Devil's banners, &c. &c.)—"But to proceed. I could not help turning, heedless wretch that I was, to laugh at the distress of the old lady. I now perceived the aged and profligate Duke of P— in equal distress. He had followed me for a long time with evil intent, when a sudden gust of wind and rain turned his Umbrella inside out, and carried off his hat and wig. I laughed aloud, and running as I laughed, fell violently over the Umbrella of the ever-blessed and glorified Foun-dress of this chapel, which the force of the wind had beaten into the mud. My arm was broken by the fall; my face bruised and disfigured, and my nose beaten flat as you now see. That sainted lady regarded me with compassion, and with sympathy, for she too had been a sinner. Beneath her roof my body and my soul were healed. She made me the heir of her possessions and her piety."—See this story at large in "Faith's Frumenty," by the Rev. Wm. Snuggs.

The Self-tormentor, anciently called Heautontimorumenos, is usually the principal sufferer



by his own negligence. Poor Spinbrain had just finished a novel replete with tender sentiment and tragic incident.—He resolved to buy a new coat and two shirts with part of the money which he hoped it would produce. He thrust the M.S. into his pocket, spread his Umbrella, and set out for Leadenhall-street, amidst a heavy shower of rain. He could not refrain from gazing at a printshop window, regardless of a cataract that fell from a spout over his head. He sloped his Umbrella, so that the cover pressed closely on his back, and conveyed the flood into his pocket. Every sentence which he hoped would, when printed, have been drenched with female tears, was utterly obliterated, and the labour of a hungry month destroyed.

N. B.—As the best remedy for the above grievances, I propose to open an Academy, at the Lyceum, in the Strand, for the purpose of drilling Ladies and Gentlemen in the most approved method of handling Walking-sticks and Umbrellas, with a view to individual grace and general convenience.

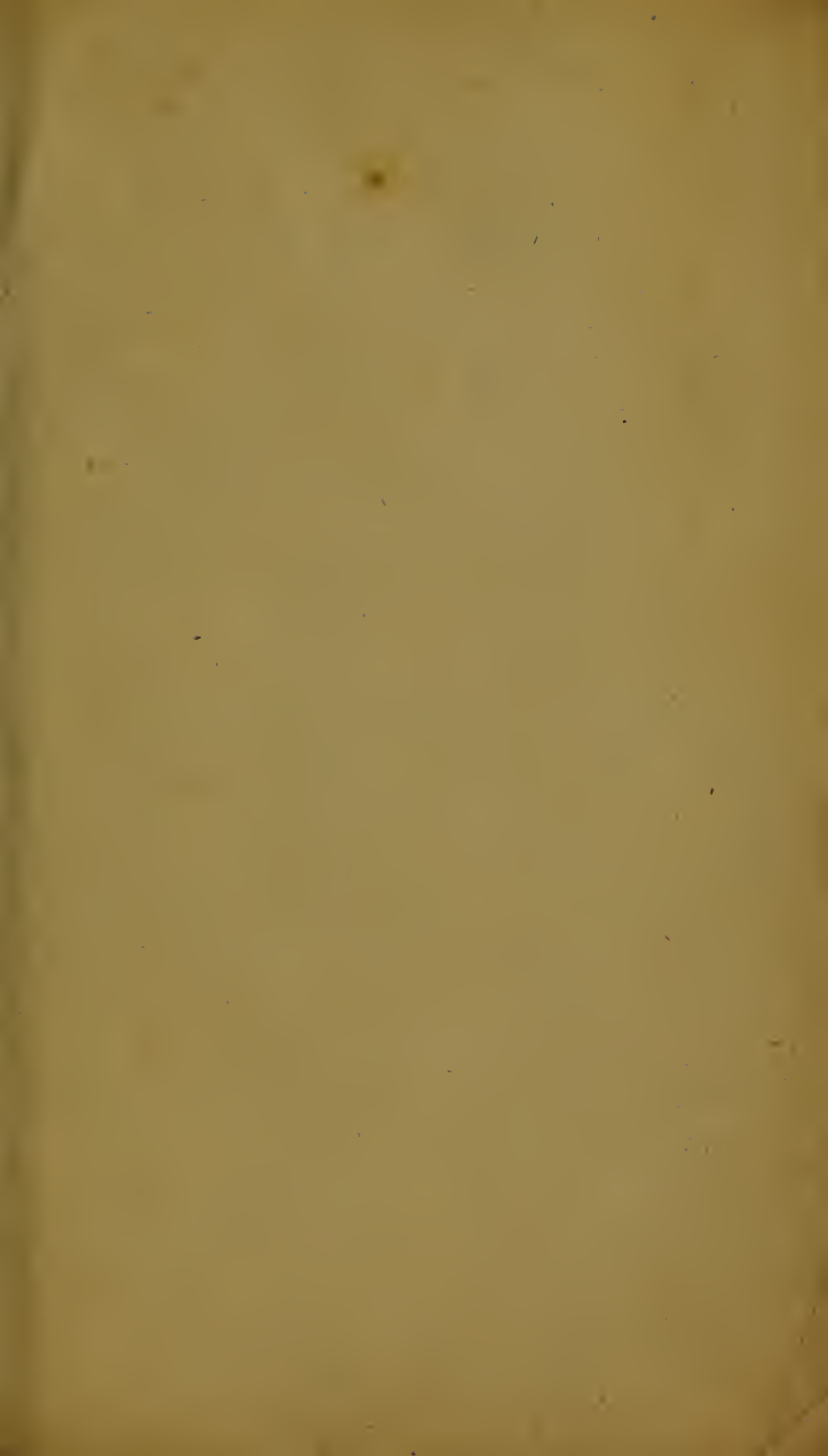
The favours of the nobility and gentry are humbly requested by their most devoted, &c.

SOLOMON UPRIGHT.









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and July 1911

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